



# Christian Spiritualist.

So long as men are honest, so long will success follow in the footsteps of their labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1855.

## OPPOSITIONAL PHASES.

An individual, who evidently glories in the name of Timothy Snobbs, writes the editor of the *Senora Herald* an *expose* of Spiritualism. He is a very modest man, this Timothy, and no doubt means to be logical as well as philosophical—for after stating his modest (?) conclusion about Spiritualism, in its modern form, he thus logically backs it up in the following manner:—

In the first place I do not think there is any such thing as Spirits visiting this earth to add color to the lives of men for this reason, that we are happier than when here, they could not again return to visit this scene of sorrow, unless they are undergoing punishment for the shortcomings while on earth, they would not be permitted to escape from their punishment.

As Mr. Snobbs has "had considerable experience as a Medium," we wish to be both cautious and respectable in venturing an opposite opinion, for he evidently feels himself to be, and speaks "as one having authority." Now it is generally acknowledged to be good sense, as well as Testament teaching, to affirm that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaks," since the ruling and prominent *loci*, not only give character to, but make the man. When, therefore, Mr. S. reasons, "if they are not happier than when here, they would not again desire to visit the scenes of sorrow," we are bound to believe this to be the soul of Mr. S., that informs us what he would do under like circumstances.

And the statement to us is decidedly *snobby*, since it breathes the spirit of selfishness, indifference and inactivity in the superlative degree. It is plain, however, that he is oblivious of the teachings of the Testament regarding the "loves of the Angels," for, we are there informed, that God "giveth his angels charge concerning thee (Christ) lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Matt. iv. 3-6. It may be Mr. S.'s *affinity*, for the external world has caused him to be good in the divine and loving sympathy of "men made perfect"—but it is difficult to conceive how he could forget the suggestiveness of the "rich man's appeal" who, being in torment, lifted up his eyes, and supplicated Father Abraham, that a messenger be sent to his father's house to warn his brethren, "lest they come into this place of torment." Luke xvi. 35-28.

The poverty of Mr. Snobbs's soul, as well as the stupidity of his theology, does not warrant a more extended notice of either his philosophic (?) or Mesmeric reasons for pronouncing Spiritualism a "humbug"—and so we leave him to enjoy the consolations of his faith unmolested.

We would suggest, however, that he makes use of the first favorable opportunity to read the Bible, as it may tend to refresh his memory, and give a more respectful tone to his future communications.

A harmless fraction of an individual, in the *New York Daily News* of May 25th, favors Spiritualism with a notice, and *modesty* (?) commences by naming it a "humbug." As a general thing, when a man is so poor, both in soul and in reputation, as not to own a *name*, or be so far destitute of spirit as to attack conclusions, without personality, fact, or argument, it were best to let such a one alone, since, morally, he is *unworthy* of recognition. There are, however, in this article, two assumptions, to which we invite the reader's attention—as all objections should be known, let them come from what source soever they may.

The first is as follows:—

The infatuation is fast taking hold of very many who are of excited and nervous temperament. The hasty, the strong-minded, the non-eficacious are passed by, uninfluenced, and remain with their reason unimpaired, and their faculties, mental and physical, moving regularly and well.

The only thing that saves the writer of this from the charge of deliberate falsehood, is the charitable supposition that it was conceived in ignorance—for in New York city alone, there are men *Mediums* that will stand a fair comparison with the majority of their fellows, let them come from what department of society they may.

Reasoning from our limited knowledge, as to the sex and physical development of Mediums, we are free to say that all phases of character seem to be impressed and influenced by Spirits.

Any one doubting this statement, will find the necessary proof, by visiting the *Circle* for the development of Mediums, held at No. 555 Broadway, on Thursday evening of each week. Were it an object, the names of several Mediums might be given—but it is not. There are those already before the public, whose efforts in healing, writing and speaking, furnish all necessary proof.

The second assumption is summed up as follows:—

I would venture to say that if the ghost of Horace himself were to be born again, he would not be long from the question, unless the medium were a good Latin scholar—in this event he would be on the table in less than no time.

This remark is predicated on the supposition, that if there is no "logia" in the *Circle*, there will be no communications except they are in English. This seems to be a revamping of Dr. Bell's conclusion, which the reader will find in another place. It seems singular that any thoughtful mind can be so reckless of assertion, in sight of the fact, that communications have been, and are received in different languages, of which the Medium and the company are alike ignorant. This is one of the best attested points in the history of the modern manifestations. The following fact stated by Joel Tiffany, Esq., in his recent debate with President Mahan, at Cleveland, Ohio, will prove this:—

There was a colored girl in St. Louis who had never learned to read or write, and who became a medium of a very peculiar kind, writing in different languages, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, &c., and yet knew not a letter of any language. In the *circle* she wrote a communication in some kind of language, which was in the circle understood, but after the circle broke up, she wrote a communication in English, saying that if they would go to certain tobacco stores, they would find an individual that could read it. They went in the morning and found an individual who stated that it was a message from his sister, Italian, who had died crossing the Atlantic her way to this country, and that he knew her hand-writing.

Will the *objection* investigate this statement, and convict Mr. Tiffany of bearing "false witness," or will he acknowledge his ignorance of the *facts*, and his presumption in judging the philosophy of Spiritualism? We will "wait and see."

A Second Daniel has presented his judgment through the columns of the *Belvidere (Ill.) Standard*, of May 22d, with the desire of illuminating the darkness of the Northern minds on the subject of Spiritualism. He comes to the work in hand, with some candor, judging from the following:—

To contend that Spiritualism, or any other such widespread system is all "humbug," would be like contending that all dollars are hours because we had tried one or two and found them worthless. Thousands of men have "pooled" at the idea of bringing about certain scientific and artistic results, but the actual existence of the steamboat, the railroads, &c., has successfully demonstrated that the opinion of thousands even can be outweighed and overcome by the indefatigable research and labor of a few men of genius.

But strange as it may seem—before he gets half through his article, the believers and Mediums are all fools, dupes or knaves. This is made to appear from the statements that tables are caused to move and rise from the floor by means of some steel springs or other machinery in the legs of the articles used by the Mediums. It may be the writer is unused to long excursions in mentality, and forgot Spiritualism in his stronger love for the mechanic art, for he certainly evinces a larger aptitude for, and a better acquaintance with the latter, than the former. The most conspicuous features of the three cases we have thus examined, are vanity and ignorance. Vanity in giving themselves so much credit for sense, candor, and honesty, and awarding so little to others. Ignorance, in presuming to do what they were not qualified to perform—since they neglect fact for hypothesis, philosophy for fancy, and give no evidence for their conclusions, but the most reckless and extravagant assumptions. Verily, "wisdom is approved of her children."

### MR. S. B. BRITTON'S LECTURE AND EXHIBITION.

According to notice, the above-named gentleman delivered a lecture on the "General Phases of Spiritualism," at the Stuyvesant Institute, Thursday evening, May 24.

The weather, in the early part of the evening, seemed unfavorable to the occasion, but before the hour for lecturing arrived, the Institute was crowded. Appropriate music was sung at the opening and close of the lecture, which contributed in no small degree, to the cheerful and social spirit of the evening.

Mr. Britton's lecture was a detailed elaboration of principles, held in general esteem, by the philosophic and authoritative in the schools of Science and Natural Theology. The position of Dr. Paley, as to the watch proving a *designer* (since means were adopted to ends), might be called the *text* of the lecture. The general argument was conclusive, and we think convinced most of the audience, that, if Dr. Paley was philosophic in predicting the existence of God, on the laws of *adaptation*, as seen in the human body, and nature generally,—the argument held equally good in Spiritualism, since the facts stated, and the drawings exhibited, were equally significant of intelligence in a finite degree.

Mr. Britton, is a calm, methodical reasoner, generally faithful to fact and premise—while seeking the good of the cause he advocates. The lecture was listened to with marked attention, and evident satisfaction. The exhibition of the spirit drawings contributed much towards the enjoyment of the evening, for whether they are considered as spiritual or psychological productions, they are equally curious. Darkness being necessary, the gas was turned off; that the drawings might be thrown on a screen, through the medium of an oxyhydrogen microscope, during the exhibition of which, a moderate light was reflected over the audience. The exhibition was generally free from interruptions, although some of the *baser* sort, took advantage of the darkness, and tried to be witty at the expense of the Spirits.

### SPIRITUALISM IN ALBION,

CALICOON COUNTY, MICH.

Friend Elmer Woodruff, writes from the above place, that "the cause is moving onward finely, in this place of churches and creeds. During the last eight months, our ranks have been swelled from a dozen to four or five hundreds. We have regularly spoken through Mrs. Sprague, three times each week. The hall is crowded, and our numbers fast increasing—while most kinds of mediums are being developed. During the past three years I have given away six hundred Spiritual papers in this place, which has proved like the bread cast upon the waters—for indeed it has returned after many days!" This is cheering news, and will be welcome to the friends of progress.

Friend Woodruff—Your manuscript is with us, and your *request* will be attended to at an early opportunity.

### PROF. HARE'S LETTER TO THE CLERGY OF THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

The above production will be found in another column, and should be read with attention, as it not only reveals the mellowing and chastening influence of Spiritualism, but gives the reader an opportunity of comparing the charitable and candid sentiments of the writer, with much he may have heard from the pulpit, and seen in "the papers" against the ministration of Spirits. Surely, if Spiritualism tends thus to make men tolerant and charitable, its popularization is desirable, since it is generally confessed, that neither chasity nor tolerance enter extensively into the policy or practice of most of our church organizations and governments.

The significant lesson of this letter, however, is in the fact, that a gentleman of Prof. Hare's education and standing, could pass through a long and laborious life, without faith in a Spiritual existence, since it rather pointed tells the Churchman that his method is defective and his argument ineffectual for the *conversion* of those who cannot feel the Divinity of Jesus through eighteen centuries, nor believe in the infallibility of the Bible. When will the churchman acknowledge that there may be such men, *honest* seekers after truth, that would be happy to believe, if they had the necessary evidence, and rejoice that in the fullness of time, the economy of God has given such evidence to meet the necessities of the case? When? When the churchman, like the skeptic, is made to feel, that our ways are not God's ways, and all thinks work together for the education and progress of the race.

### GONE TO HIS SPIRIT HOME

Edward L. Sweet, aged 10 years, son of Gilbert and Elizabeth Sweet, of this city, died at the residence of his parents, on Monday morning, May 25. The sudden and unexpected death of this child has, for the hour, cast the shadow of gloom over the family circle, so dearly was he loved by his parents and friends. But "joy cometh with the morrow," for they know that death, like all the other agents of the Divine economy, comes only for good. True, they may not see the full meaning of the lesson its mission was designed to teach; but the consolations of religion, which are the compensational blessings a kind and loving Father sends to sorrowing humanity, has long since commenced the chastening work of reconciliation to the Providence of God. Their faith has been quickened and intensified by the ministration of angels, and through the mediation of loving and loved spirits; so that, indeed and in truth, they can say with Paul—"O! death, where is thy sting? O! grave, where is thy victory?"

The funeral was numerously attended by the Spiritualists of this city—Judge Edmonds being the Minister of Consolation on the occasion. The remains of Edward Sweet now "sleep their last sleep" in Greenwood Cemetery.

### DR. LUTHER V. BELL'S REPORT ON "SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS."

Some months ago, we were informed that the above-named gentleman was investigating Spiritualism, and was like soon to come out in favor of the manifestations and Spirit intercourse, as the most marvelous things had been done in his presence. We have been looking, therefore, with some anxiety for the promised report, as we were in hopes that Dr. Bell would give us such statistics on the *increase* of insanity, and point out how far, and in what way, Spiritualism had to do with its development, if insanity was found to be on the increase. It would seem, from a report in the *New York Herald*, of May 26, that the Superintendents of the Insane Asylums in and about Boston, have had their yearly meeting; and although the usual amount of talking was done on the occasion, nothing touching the vexed issue of Spiritualism and insanity has been brought to light as yet. What the practical fruits of that meeting will be, we may not be permitted to know; but we are free to confess, that a little information on the increase of insanity during the past two or three years, and the predisposing and actual causes of such developments—if such there are—would be very desirable to many, who are tired of hearing the empty-headed and superficial objector associate Spiritualism and Insanity, as if the latter was unknown among men until the former came.

It is an earnest advocate of "a living inspiration," neatly printed and always full of choice original communications. Those who are so willing to condemn what they know nothing about, (and yet nearly all profess) would look over the columns of the *Statesman* and *Telegraph* they would learn the moral effect of a movement that is destined to overrun the world and which they now tremble at, because of their utter ignorance of the whole thing."

**SPIRITUAL ORGANS.**—It is cheering to know that there are editors friendly enough to progress and general reform, to see good in the agents, organs, and instrumentalities of Spiritualism,—since the majority of the editorial press, pass all these, except they can find occasion to make them obnoxious to popular sense. The *Walworth County Reporter*, of May 19th, in noticing the second volume of the *Christian Spiritualist*, thus speaks of its character, and the mission of the Spiritual papers of this city:

"It is an earnest advocate of 'a living inspiration,' neatly printed and always full of choice original communications. Those who are so willing to condemn what they know nothing about, (and yet nearly all profess) would look over the columns of the *Statesman* and *Telegraph* they would learn the moral effect of a movement that is destined to overrun the world and which they now tremble at, because of their utter ignorance of the whole thing."

### SPIRIT COMMUNION.

A note from Br. J. B. Ferguson informs us, that the above named book, originally published at \$1.25, will be sent to any address, postage paid, on the receipt of one dollar. The reason for this reduction of price is in the fact, that the editor (Br. Ferguson) and the publishers wish the book in the hands of those who may need its facts and philosophy. These gentlemen have, however, been already liberal, as over 1000 copies have been gratuitously distributed. It is a good sized volume of 272 pages, printed well, good paper, and clear type. The work should form a part of every Spiritualist's library.

From Fitzgerald's City Item.

### PROF. HARE'S LETTER.

We present below, a communication of singular interest, from Dr. Robert Hare, of Philadelphia. Coming from a source so eminent and respectable, it will, no doubt, create a profound sensation:—

#### To the Clergy of the Episcopal Convention.

Reverend and Dear Sirs—Having from my youth been friendly terms with the Clergy of the Episcopal Church, within the pale of which I was born and brought up, I could not resist the melting mood—and I drop a tear at the thought that, perhaps, I was leaving the land of my forefathers, perchance, for ever. My life has been a strange series of stranger vicissitudes, like its fabled ardent, I know no rest; but ever on the wing, I live on the excitement of the passing hour. Singular as the statement may seem to you, yet it is a fact that I never yet know what way to steer my course through life, never followed any plan, and never saw my way four weeks ahead since I was born. Consequently, I am not surprised at finding myself in this city, at the very moment that I was expected to be lecturing in Illinois or Ohio. I regret to tell you that the disease of the heart which attacked me in Portland last Spring, increases upon me daily, so that I deem it more than probable that I shall be a rapping Spirit in less than six months, but I do not repine, for life has been to me a very thorny road; but, thank God, I know that I shall live beyond the grave, where the wicked cease to trouble and the weary are at rest. A pang, a groan, a tear, and I shall go to that ever-blessed land—

Where changeless Summer ever beams,  
And a fountain of Love for ever streams;  
Where Music dwells in the very air,  
For the Spirit of Joy is everywhere.  
Where the feet of the Pilgrims bleed no more,  
For soft are the paths of the Spirit shore;  
And the heavy Cross is left behind,  
And Amaranth wreaths the temples bind;  
For he, who the weariest paths has trod,  
Will ne'er stand to the Throne of God.

I had hoped ere I came to England that I might recover, but the best physicians tell me here that it is impossible for me to get well, as the stomach, heart and arteries are all involved, and consequently I am told to be "always ready," for the summons will probably come very suddenly.

If human testimony is not to be taken when advanced by contemporaries known to be conscientious, truthful and well informed, how is it to be relied on, with respect to those of whom we know nothing available, besides what their own writings mention.

I am prepared to submit a communication respecting the spirit world from my father, sanctioned by a convocation of spirits, whose approbation was manifested by means which no mortal could pervert.

The practical influence on my mind has been to make me far more happy, to remove all fear of death, and to render me far more watchful as to my deportment in life. I know that my sainted parents, and other relatives and friends, my children who died in infancy, are around me, witnessing every act and exercising a limited power over my safety and my health.

Mourning for the dead now seems to be groundless, and at all events can be indulged only upon selfish considerations. But who would grieve deeply at a transient separation, even if for years, from friends made happy by the change, when sure of a happy reunion ultimately.

No evidence of any important truth in science can be shown to be more unexceptional than that which I have received of this glorious fact, that Heaven is really "at hand," and that our relatives and friends, while describing themselves as infallibly happy, are still progressing to higher felicity, and while hovering aloft and in our midst, are taking an interest in our welfare with an augmented zeal or affections, so that by these means they may be a solace to us in spite of Death.

As the Rev. Clergy of the Episcopal Church are about to meet in Philadelphia, I deem it my duty to afford them an opportunity of hearing the evidence on which I rely; and which with *due effort* they can have subject to their own intuition.

Should the clergy deem it expedient to listen to my exposition, I shall be ready to answer any queries which may be made.

I am aware that there may be considerations which may justify the clergy in declining to hear me. I have never in my own case deemed it wise to seek abstract rights at the expense of practical evil. I would not urge persons in certain official stations to become converts to Spiritualism, lest it should by consequent unpopularity interfere with their usefulness, as in the case of Judge Edmonds, and a like objection must arise to the conversion of a clergyman, so far as to bring their convictions in competition with their professional vocation.—Orthodox Christians are generally educated to believe not only the revelation on which they rely, is true, but that no other can be justifiable. Hence they are evidently displeased that Spiritualists should allego themselves to have come by other means to that belief in immortality which is admitted on all sides to be the greatest comfort under the afflictions to which temporal life is liable.

There is, moreover, this discordancy in doctrine. Agreeably to scripture, man is placed here for probation, and is liable to be *eternally* punished if he prove delinquent. According to Spiritualism, man is placed here for progression, and when he goes to the next world, still will have the opportunity of his, (by Adam,) whereupon he asked me "what I'd take?" "My departure," I replied, and left Mr. C. to pursue his way to the remotest corners of Europe alone in his glory. He is on his way to the "Ruins of Baalbeck and Nineveh, and along Shore," as he informed his humble.—He reckoned it'd cost a couple of thousand dollars before he got round again. To me it was an excellent illustration of our national characteristics, which are, generally speaking, superficiality, carelessness, lightness, and progressiveness. So goes the world!

Daniel Hume is destined to create a tremendous sensation in England; that is to say, provided he will stay put—which you know is not exactly the habit of that remarkable species of *genus homo*, vulgarly 'yelephant' Mediums. He is decidedly in his element here, for he is quite the peer of the Peers and Peeresses of this mighty realm. His rooms are visited by the first men of the country already, and he is engaged twelve nights ahead. His scenes are all private. He will visit France in

July, and then go to the city of Florence to wake the priests, scare the nuns, nettle the monks, wake up the cardinals, rouse the primates, and stir up the Catholics generally, and the Pope in particular. He will, if he acts with caution, do more good than any Spiritualist this side of the water. He ought to have some good, strong-minded men to hold the reins, for I judge him not very well calculated to get along alone. Let us wait and see!

Mr. and Mrs. Hayden are not in town at present, consequently they have not commenced business yet, but will as soon as a proper house can be procured.

Speaking Mediums are at a decided discount in this country. I think I see a smile on your face as you read this, and hear you exclaim, "Alas, poor York!" in reference to P. B. R. Not so fast, good friend. I can assure you that I came to England not to speculate on my gift—if gift it be—so



Oh flowers! smiles of the angels are ye call'd,  
Whose very breath seems prayer.

Borne up like incense, on the dewy wings  
Of the blue air.

Rare ministers are ye unto us, sweet flowers,  
Refreshing the fevered heart;

As wild woods and cool water brooks  
Revive the panting heart.

Letting your fragrant châlœus, ye tempt the sun  
To kiss their scented lips;

While woofily, the enamored bee, intoxicate,  
Their honied notes sing.

The fair young bride scents thy pure loveliness  
Her beauteous bower with;

The little child stops on his toddling way  
Thy nodding charms to grasp.

And still, ye gentle ones, ye are content  
Your sweetest breath to shed;

Round faces pale and sad, that give no sign—  
Even the cold dead.

We love ye, gentle flowers—and also him  
Who with such lavish hand,

Scatters your gold and purple garniture  
Over the smiling land.

Ye are his smiles. The good All Father  
Sends us to from above.

Your delicate fragrance and your tender grace,  
Sweet signs of his love.

PRIDE.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

'Tis a curious fact as ever was known  
In human nature, but often shown  
Alike in castle and cottage,  
That pride, like pigs of a certain breed,  
Will manage to live and thrive on "feed!"

As poor as a parson's portage!

Of all the notable things on earth,  
The queerest one is pride of birth,  
Among our fierce Democracy!"

Ah! when a man to save it from suers—  
Not even a couple of rotten Peers—  
A thing for laughter, tears, and jeers,  
Is American aristocracy!

Depend upon it my snobbish friend,  
You family thread you can't ascend,  
Without good reason to apprehend  
You may find it waxed at the farther end.

By some plebeian vocation!

Or worse than that, your booted line  
May end in a loop of stronger twine  
That plagued some worthy relation?

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,  
Don't be haughty and put on airs,

With insolent pride of station!

Don't the proud, and turn up your nose  
At poorer people in plainer clothes,

But leave for a while of your mind's repose,

That wealth's a bubble that comes—and goes!

And that all Proud Flesh, wherever it grows,  
Is subject to irritation.

—  
(From Dream Land and Ghost Land.)

THE WINDOW OF THE TEMPLE.

THE EYE.—The window of the temple we call it. Who can explain it? How far do we get towards a knowledge of its powers, and properties, by talking about the various humors and lenses? It is a wonderfully constructed *camera obscure*—it is a darkened chamber magnificently fitted up with reflectors, and glasses for the purpose of painting truthful representatives of the outside world; but when we have said this, we have exhausted our knowledge, we can say no more, and how much have we discovered? we have made no progress at all towards the wonderful connection between the eye which is a mere machine like any other optical instrument in relation to it,—and the mind which is really the eye.

May we not say that the eye is framed as much to conceal objects, as to reveal them? Is it not most obvious how easily it might have been constructed, so as to reveal more to us, than it does? It might have been more telescopic—it might have been more microscopic—in either instance, the source of how much happiness to us? Can we not conceive how it might have been framed so as to discover,—not the essences of things, but the more hidden and subtle vestures in which essences hide themselves, instead of being an unending means of delight and amusement to us, might it not, by being fitted to see the hidden movements of life, have been a source of never ending pain and annoyance?

When Mrs. Hauff, the Seeress of Prevost, looked into the right eye of a person, she saw behind the reflected image of herself, another, which appeared neither to be her own, nor that of the person in whose eye she was looking. She believed it to be the picture of that person's inner self. If she looked into the left eye, she saw immediately whatever internal disease existed, whether in the stomach, lungs, or elsewhere, and prescribed for it—"In my left eye," says Dr. Kerner, "she saw prescriptions for herself, and in that of a man who had only a left eye, she saw both his inward malady and the image of his inner man." The eye appears to be the great source of all the wonderful differences between men and men; in the enterprises into the world of Spirits, objects are not seen in glasses, crystals and bubbles; they are but the media, the fitting atmosphere on which the form within the eye projects itself. The eye again represents the differences between mind and mind. Darkened windows represent gloomy inhabitants. Windows stained, and soiled, begrimed with the accumulated deposits of the road, and the weather represent unclean inhabitants; and thus in a figure it may be said that the eye sees as the mind wills it to do. Look at the clean, vivid, bright eye; does it not reveal to you a soul; and that heavy and uncleaning one, does not it also. The soul determined or fitted to look abroad cleans its windows—thus, without question, then, come to it more visions than ever can reach ordinary eyes.

Does it not appear certain, now, that we must speak of an internal, as well as an external sight? and it is to this power of internal vision, which cannot be explained at all, on the usual principles of optics, we give the name of Clairvoyance. Dr. Haddock remarks on this:

"The moment we attempt to pass beyond the retina, science is at fault; no natural philosopher has been able to explain how the optic nerve conveys the image to the brain; we know that the mind is conscious of the images formed on the retina; or, in more familiar language, of the things seen by the eyes; but in what manner an opaque nervous cord, differing in no essential particulars from other nervous cords, conveys that impression to the mind, we are entirely ignorant. Ordinary sight, has, therefore, a *psychological basis*; and this is admitted by the best psychologists."

"Clairvoyance, or internal sight, assumes the same basis, necessary to perfect ordinary vision; but as it acts independently of the external visual organs; so it is not trammeled by those natural laws to which they are necessarily subject. Thus by this internal sight, and by light issuing from within, and not from without, as in common sight, things may be seen which are out of the range of natural sight, and altogether above its nature. For instance, our physical sight can see remote starry orbs, placed at the distance of, perhaps, thousands of millions of miles, because the undulations of light, proceeding from them in a straight line, can impinge, or strike upon the retina of our eyes.—Yet the intervention of any opaque body, immediately shuts out the vision of the object, even if placed in close connection with us; so that if our penetrating powers of sight were immensely increased, whether naturally or artificially, still the rotundity and opacity of the earth would prevent

us seeing beyond a certain distance. But opacity is no barrier to internal sight; objects to which the mind is directed, either designedly or spontaneously, will be equally visible through doors and walls, as if placed directly before the face. Nay, to the higher stages of clairvoyance there seems, comparatively speaking, no bounds; for whether the object sought be in the same house or town, or country, or across the broad Atlantic, or still remoter Pacific oceans, it appears to be found and seen with equal facility: and to be equally near to the internal perceptions of the truly clairvoyant individual. The human body is seen as clearly, and its living actions described as plainly, as if the external and internal parts were alike as transparent as glass; and this, also, without any bodily connection, such as by bringing the clairvoyant and the person to be described together; but, as I have proved, when more than one hundred miles have intervened between them."

This guides us to Pre-vision—to the powers which many have had of predicting things to come and though not as many may do by the possession of unwonted powers of judgment, and keenness of discrimination; but on the contrary, by an entrance in virtue of their visionary insight into the reality of events and occurrences. We have heard of Seers and Prophets, not merely those especially, endowed by a miraculous function, but men, who, in consequence of their highly magnetic susceptibility, have beheld the whole current of future events. Dr. Gregory quotes the prophecies of several in Westphalia, and says—"The predictions above alluded to, refer to in general, the events to happen in Germany about this time—that is soon after the introduction of rail-roads, and especially to a dreadful general war, in which the final Conqueror, or great Monarch is to be a young prince, who rises up unexpectedly. The war is also to break out unexpectedly; and suddenly, after a period of disturbance and revolution, while all the world is crying Peace Peace? I need not here enter into more minute details, for which I refer to the article above mentioned. I shall only add that the state of Europe and the events which have occurred since that paper appeared are much in favor of the general accuracy of the opinions and predictions, whatever their organ. Time alone can show how far they are to be fulfilled. But their existence, as authentic and generally received traditions, is, at all events, a remarkable circumstance. But one of the most remarkable instances of pre-vision on record, is the celebrated prediction of Cazotte, concerning the events of the reign of Terror. It has been very often reprinted: we remember when we were a boy, how frequently it was published, and Dr. Gregory has reprinted it again, from the posthumous memoirs of La-Harpe, in his letter on Animal Magnetism."

"It appears as yesterday; yet, nevertheless, it was at the beginning of the year 1788, we were

dining with one of our brethren at the Academy, a man of considerable wealth and genius. The company were numerous, and diversified—Courtiers, Lawyers, Academicians, &c., and according to custom, there had been a magnificent dinner. At dessert, the wines of Malvois and Constantia, added to the gaiety of the guests that sort of license which is sometimes forgetful of *bon ton*. We had arrived in the world, just at that time when anything was permitted that would raise a laugh—Cazotte had read to us some of his impious and libertine tales, and even the ladies had listened without having recourse to their fans. From this arose a deluge of jests against religion. One quoted a tirade from the "Pucelle;" another recalled the philosophic lines of Diderot,—

"Et des boyous du dernier perte.  
S'erte le con de derrier roi."

for the sake of applauding them. A third rose, and holding his glass in his hand, exclaimed, "yes gentlemen, I am as sure that there is no God, as I am sure that Homer was a fool; and in truth he was as sure of the one as the other. The conversation became more serious; much admiration was expressed on the revolution Voltaire had effected, and it was agreed that it was his first claim to the reputation he enjoyed:—he had given the prevailing tone to his age, and had been read as well in the ante-chamber as in the drawing room. One of the guests told us while bursting with laughter, that his hair dresser, had said to him, "Do you observe, sir, that although, I am but a poor miserable barber, I have no more religion than any other." We concluded that the revolution must soon be consummated,—that it was indispensable that superstition and fanaticism should give place to philosophy, and we began to calculate the probable period when this should be, and which of the present company should live to see the *reign of season*. The oldest complained that they could scarcely flatter themselves with the hope; the young rejoiced that they might entertain this very probable expectation; and they congratulated the Academy especially for having prepared the *great work*, and for having been the rallying point, the centre, and the prime mover of the liberty of thought.

One only of the guests had not taken part in all the joyousness of this conversation, and had even gently and cheerfully checked our splendid enthusiasm. This was Cazotte, an amiable and original man, but unhappily infatuated with the reveries of the illuminati. He spoke and with the most serious tone. "Gentlemen," said he, "be satisfied; you will all see this great and sublime revolution, which you so much admire. You know that I am a little inclined to prophecy: I repeat you will see it!" He was answered by the common rejoinder, *neud ne be a conjurer to see that.* "Be it so; but perhaps we must be a little more than a conjurer, for what remains for me to tell. Do you know what will be the consequence to all of you, and what will be the immediate result; the well established effect; the thoroughly recognized consequence to all of you, who are here present?"

"Ah!" said Condorcet, with his insolent and half suppressed smile, "let us hear, a philosopher is not afraid to encounter a prophet."

"You Monsieur de Condorcet, you will yield up your last breath on the floor of a dungeon; you will die from poison, which you will have taken to escape from execution; from poison which the uncertainty of that time will oblige you to carry about your person."

"At first astonishment was most marked, but it was soon recollected that the good Cazotte was liable to dreaming, though wide awake. But what liable has put into your head this prison and this poison and these executioners? What can all of them have in common with philosophy and the reign of reason?" A hearty laugh is the consequence. Monsieur Cazotte, the relation you give is not so agreeable as your "Diable Amoureux," (a word of Cazotte.)

"This is exactly what I say to you; it is in the name of philosophy—of humanity—of liberty; it is under the reign of reason, that it will happen to you thus to end your career; and it will indeed be the reign of terror, for then she will have her temples, and indeed at that time there will be no

other temples in France than the temples of reason."

"By my troth, though," said Chamfort, with a sarcastic smile, you will not be one of the priests of those temples."

"I do not hope it; but you, Monsieur de Chambon, you will be one, and most worthy to be so, you will open your veins with twenty-two cuts of a razor, and yet you will not die till some months afterwards."

They looked at each other and laughed again.

"You, Monsieur Vieq d'Azin, you will not open your own veins, but you will cause yourself to be bled six times in one day; during a paroxysm of the gout, in order to make sure of your own end, and you will die in the night. You, Monsieur de Nicola, you will die upon the scaffold; you, M. Bailey, on the scaffold; you, Monsieur de Malherbes, on the scaffold!"

"Ah! God be thanked," exclaimed Roucher

"It seems that Monsieur has no eye, but for the Academy; of it, he has just made a terrible execution; and I thank Heaven——"

"You! you also will die upon the scaffold."

"Oh! what an admirable guesser," was uttered upon all sides; "he has sworn to exterminate us all!"

"No, it is not I who have sworn it."

"But shall we then be conquered by the Turk, or the Tartars? Yet again,——"

"Not at all; I have already told you, you will then be governed only by philosophy—only by reason. They who will thus treat you will be all philosophers, will always have upon their lips the self same phrases which you have been putting forth for the last hour, will repeat all your maxims, and will quote, as you have done, the verses of Diderot and from La Pucelle."

They then whispered among themselves, "You see that he is gone mad;" (for they preserved all this time the most serious and solemn manner.) "Do you not see that he is joking; and you know that in the character of his jokes there is always much of the marvellous?"

"Yes," replied Chamfort, "but his marvellousness is not cheerful, it savours too much of the gibbet; and when will all this happen?"

"Six years will not have passed before all that I have said to you shall be accomplished."

"Here are some astonishing miracles," (and this time it was myself who spoke) "but you have not included me in your list."

"But you will be there, as an equally extraordinary miracle; you will then be a Christian."

Vehement exclamations on all sides.

"Ah!" replied Chamfort, "I am comforted; if we shall perish only when La-Harpe shall be a Christian, we are immortal."

"As for that, then," observed Madame la Duchesse de Grammont, "we women we are happy to be counted for nothing in these revelations.—When I say for nothing, it is not that we do not always mix ourselves up with them a little, but it is a received maxim that they take no notice of us and of our sex."

"Your sex, ladies, will not protect you this time; and you had better far meddle with nothing; for you will be treated entirely as men without any difference whatever."

"But what, then, are you telling us of, Monsieur Cazotte? You are preaching to us the end of the world."

"I know nothing on that subject; but what I do know is, that you, Madame la Duchesse, will be conducted to the scaffold; you and many other ladies with you, in the care of the executioner, and with your hands tied behind your backs."

"Ah, I hope that, in that case, I shall have a carriage, hung with black."

"No, Madame; higher ladies than yourself will go, like you, in the common car, with their hands behind them."

"Higher ladies! What? The Princess of the blood?"

"Still more exalted personages."

Here a sensible emotion pervaded the whole company, and the countenance of the host was dark and lowering. They began to feel that the joke was becoming too serious. Madame de Grammont, in order to dissipate the cloud, took no notice of the reply, and contented herself with saying,

"You see that he will not leave me even a confessor."

"No, Madame, you will not have one, neither you nor any one besides. The last victim to whom this favor will be afforded, will be——"

He stopped for a moment.

"Well, Who, then, will be the happy mortal to whom this prerogative will be given?"

"Tis the only one which he will then have retained—and that will be the King of France."

"The master of the house rose hastily, and every one with him. He walked up to Mr. Cazotte, and addressed him with much emotion.

"My dear Monsieur Cazotte, this mournful joke has lasted long enough. You carry it too far; even so far as to derange from the society in which you are, and from your own character."

Cazotte answered not a word, and was preparing to leave, when Madame de Grammont, who always sought to dissipate serious thought, and to restore the lost gaiety of the party, approached him, saying—

"Monsieur, the prophet who has foretold us of our good fortune, you have told us nothing of your own."

He remained silent for some time, with downcast eyes.

"Madame, have you ever read the siege of Jerusalem in Josephus?"

"Yes. Who has not read that? But answer as if I had not read it."

"Well then, madame, during the siege, a man, for seven days in succession, went round the ramparts of the city, in sight of the besiegers and the besieged, crying incessantly, with an ominous and thundering voice, 'Woe to Jerusalem!' and the seventh time, he cried, 'Woe to Jerusalem—woe to myself;' and at that moment an enormous stone, projected from one of the machines of the besieging army, struck him, and destroyed him."

And, after this reply, Mr. Cazotte made his bow, and retired.

A few years since, probably a story like this would only have been received, as the prophecies were probably received, as vulgar hallucinations. But it was believed by many, and was frequently related, both before the horrors of the French Revolution and after it. It will be seen by those acquainted with the history of this revolution, that it is a correct narrative of events. It may be necessary to append to it, that Cazotte died on the scaffold, at the age of seventy two. This most remarkable pre-vision is endorsed by Madame de Genlis and Madame Beaumain; the latter lady was one of the company who listened to this remarkable pre-vision.

But difficult as it would have been once to tax the faith sufficiently to receive this, upon the revelations of clairvoyance there is no difficulty in ac-

counting for it. We may look out through the window of the soul upon spectacles of the future.

A few pages further on, we may have occasion to enter more at large upon the probability that every action of life prints its shadow somewhere, and this shadow is beheld in all its colors and details, and the inner eye has a perfect consciousness of the thing, the event, and the long chain of circumstances beyond it.

Mr. Haddock, speaking of Emma, his wonderful patient, of whom we shall give a more lengthy account shortly—